

orphanages, homes for the poor and aged, hospitals, and free schools? I answer—the influence of Jesus Christ. What is civilizing degraded Africa, heathen India, barbarous Turkey, and in fact the whole world? I answer—the influence of Jesus Christ. What has made Germany, England, France, and the United States the greatest nations on earth? I answer—because the influence of Jesus Christ is being felt there more than in any other nations. God hasten the day when that influence shall have over-powered all other influences,—when the purity and holiness of that life shall have tingled on every nerve-fiber and nerve-center of the whole human race.

"They had been with Jesus." Just before the Savior bade the last farewell to those beloved apostles, "he said unto them," "As the Father hath sent me, so send I you." And so, in obedience to that command, they went forth, not preaching by words and miracles alone, but by their lives. And the strongest argument and the strongest force for Jesus Christ in this world since he left it, has been the lives of his followers. Talk about evidences of Christianity. One evidence over-shadows all others—and that is a Christian life. It has been said, "men can resist the ostensible exertions of a man without difficulty, but it is extremely hard to resist the silent influence. We can reason down a man's theology, some men think, but we cannot reason down the life of a Christian." Brethren and sisters, let us hear the message of Christ to us this morning. "As the Father hath sent me, so send I you." Go forth and preach purity of character and holiness to God, by the power of a pure character and a holy life. Your influence is the most powerful weapon you can wield. Will you use it for God or Satan? Will you use it for righteousness or unrighteousness? As a young lady recently wrote me in a letter,—a young lady whose very presence drives away from the minds of her associates all thoughts of evil—"My life may be noiseless and still, yet I want it to be most forceful." Dear young friends, your lives "may be noiseless and still" yet they may become the grandest sermons, the most beautiful prayers, the strongest bulwarks, the most powerful reflectors of Christ on earth. Will you will it so, right now? And when your hands grow cold, and death lays its flabby hands on your heart, may it be whispered by those who knew you best, "he not only is, but ever has been, with Jesus."

This whole land would be swept with the Christian life as no section of the world has ever been swept with it if men made it their business to talk Christ; if, when then walked with one another, they talked him; if, when they sat down for a conversation, they talked him; if they came to know Christ as the object of speech.—Robert E. Speer.

## DREADED TO MEET GOD

C. H. WETHERBE

Wicked men, with assumed courage, may declare that they are not afraid to meet God face to face at any time, but when they come to the death hour they actually dread to meet God. Their own conscience is against them. There is a law in their hearts which asserts its authority, and when they come to face death its still voice speaks condemnation to them and they are afraid. The chaplain of a Pennsylvania state prison told a friend that one of the most pitiful sights that he had seen there was the death of a large, burly young man, who was serving a term of ten years. He was taken with a malignant disease, and one day, as he was suffering great agony from the disease, he asked this question: "Is there any hope for me?" The physician, after a little hesitation, signified to him that there was no hope. The young man asked, "How long?" The reply was: "But a brief time." The fellow then gazed thro his grated window on a patch of dark sky and soon exclaimed: "I can't! I can't go out there alone! God is waiting." The chaplain assured him that God was merciful; but the criminal's heart had been calloused against the Holy Spirit so long that he would not listen, and again he cried out: "Not alone! I can't go alone! Is nobody else dying in the jail? Send for my old father. He'll be glad to die with me." Again the chaplain spoke to him of Christ and his grace, but he remained indifferent to such an appeal, and at last when his breath was nearly gone, he murmured out, "I can't face God alone!" Thus he died, dreading to meet the God whom he had long despised. He knew that there is a great, supreme God, who will bring every sinner into judgment at last. Hard in heart as he was he realized that he must give an account of himself for the wicked course which he had pursued. There was a time when his heart was tender, when he was easily susceptible to gracious influences, but he refused to profit by his priceless advantages. Reader, how will you meet your God?

## Home Circle

## CONSECRATED EARS

Belle V. Chisholm.

It was recess hour, and Miss Allen, busy at her desk, caught fragmentary bits of the conversation going on among the girls at the other end of the school-room.

Presently there was a murmur of surprise at a piece of information imparted by Belle Reese, one of the older girls, and while she entered into the details of the slanderous story, implicating some one whose fair name had not heretofore

been tarnished, frequent exclamations from her listeners demonstrated with what itching ears the downfall of an acquaintance was received.

The moment Belle began to speak, Mabel Rose, the youngest member of the group, hurried away to the farthest corner of the room, and putting her hands tightly to her ears, stood looking out of the window all the time the conversation she had fled from continued.

"How dreadful! What a pity! Is it not terrible!" frequently interrupted the repetition of the story, and when it ended some one asked with a directness begetting doubt, "And do you quite believe it, Belle? Is it really true?"

"Yes; but none of you must repeat it, since I was told it in confidence," replied Belle.

"O, you need not be uneasy about that," returned Nannie Blake. "There is no danger of it getting out from us, since we belong to the King's Daughters, 'The Consecrated Lips Ten,' and our motto forbids our repeating any thing that would in any way injure any person, friend or foe."

"Would you mind telling us what that beautiful motto is?" asked the gentle voice of Miss Allen, as she came noiselessly up the aisle.

"It is this," replied Nannie, the bright color coming into her cheeks: "Say nothing about those who are absent that you would not say supposing they were present, and to make it more binding we have subjoined this petition," she added, repeating: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

"And to what 'Ten' do you belong, my dear?" Miss Allen asked, turning to Mabel, who still kept her position at the window.

"I? O! I do not belong to any of the guilds; but up in the little Quaker community where I spent the summer, a new commandment was abroad among the young Friends who are trying to follow in His steps. It is this: 'Thou shalt not hear an unkind story so long as thou hast heels to turn or hands to cover thine ears,' Mabel replied, softly.

"Ah, I see; consecrated ears," said Miss Allen, gently. "What a beautiful new commandment it is! And you have adopted it as your own, I infer from your actions."

"You see, I am not tempted to repeat a story I have never heard," Mabel returned, evasively. "It is not a hard commandment to keep, and there is so little that I can do to help people."

"That is a kind of consecration we might all afford," replied Miss Allen, thoughtfully.

How much purer our hearts would be if our ears were quarantined against all unkind words concerning our neighbors!